

Deadsy, Avalon

Now the party's over, I'm so tired
Then I see you coming out of nowhere
Much communication in a motion
Without conversation or a notion

Avalon

When the samba takes you out of nowhere
And the background's fading out of focus
Yes the picture's changing every moment
And your destination, you don't know it

Avalon

When you bossanova there's no holding
Would you have me dancing out of nowhere

Avalon